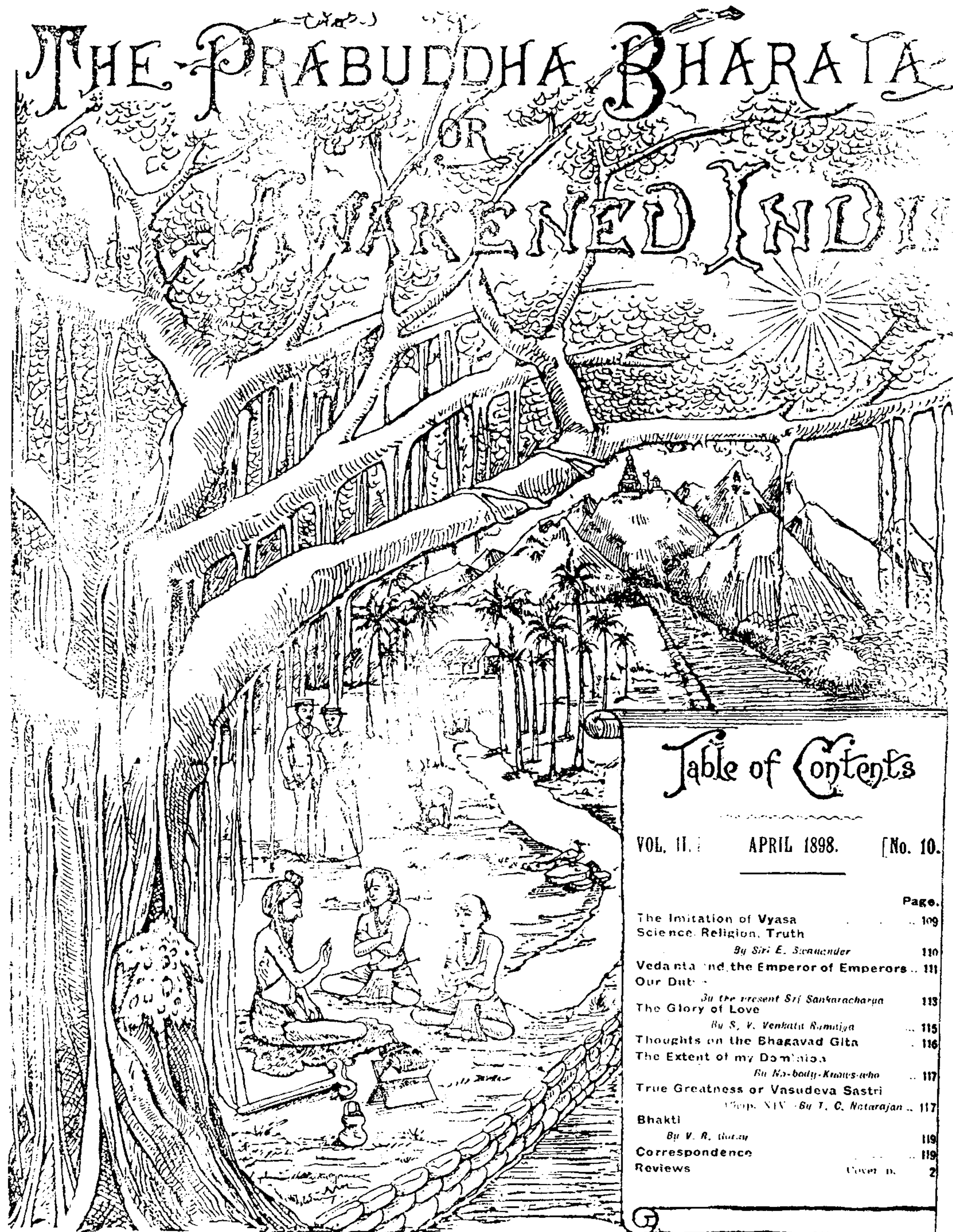


# THE PRABUDDHA BHARATA OR AWAKENED INDIA



## Table of Contents

VOL. II. APRIL 1898. [No. 10.]

	Page.
The Imitation of Vyasa Science, Religion, Truth <i>By Sri E. Sivananda</i>	109
Vedanta and the Emperor of Emperors Our Duty <i>By the present Sri Sankaracharya</i>	111
The Glory of Love <i>By S. V. Venkata Ramana</i>	113
Thoughts on the Bhagavad Gita The Extent of my Domains <i>By No-body-Knows-who</i>	115
True Greatness or Vasudeva Sastri <i>Chap. XIV - By T. C. Natarajan</i>	117
Bhakti <i>By V. R. Narayana</i>	119
Correspondence	119
Reviews	Cover p. 2



## Reviews.

**In search of a soul.** by Horatio W. Dresser. (The Philosophical Publishing Company 19, Blagden Street, Copley Square, Boston). This is one of the few honest books of the kind in this century of hurried book-making; and the subject is one which most closely concerns man, especially now, for, as it has been wisely observed, the worst evil of the present day is, not so much the love of money nor its selfishness but its loss of the soul. To point out where that soul is, how it may be reached and developed, till it realises its place in the universe and the peace and comfort which will ensue from the recovery of the paradise within, this is the main attempt of Mr. Dresser's book, and every page of it bears ample testimony to the author's right to speak upon the subject. He is not a mere theorist, satisfied with logical quibbles and intellectual solutions, but is a practical seeker after truth, whose sincerity has been rewarded with success of a very high order, and who is piously anxious to communicate to suffering humanity, the tidings of peace, he has obtained by means of his search into the inner world. In short, he bears a message to mankind, and has a right to be heard. At the same time he delivers this message, not like a prophet with the hell-fire and brimstone in one hand and his book in the other, but with perfect humility putting his self aside, and, in his own words, with the hope that a bit of the infinite splendour may shine through its pages to the heart of some struggling soul.

In spite of its shortcomings, we have no doubt that the book will comfort many a struggling soul and carry peace and happiness wherever it goes; and applying the test of Cicero, we may decidedly pronounce it a good book, for every one would be a better man for reading it. There are portions in it, for example, the last three chapters and portions of the first and the second, which are pitched even in a higher strain than the 'Imitation of Christ' and books of that kind, and which deserve to be read and re-read till they become part of one's life. The writer makes frequent reference to his own experiences in the inner world, of his visions of the glory and beauty of the divine communion, when one becomes momentarily super-conscious and one's thought is transferred entirely to the spiritual side of life 'so that for the time, one is simply the soul in immediate grasp of power, life, love and beauty in one imperishable fatherhood.' The book owes all its value to such practical experiences, which, if nothing more, are at least a proof of the divinity concealed in man. The unguided and intuitional experiences of men like Mr. Dresser and the glimpses of truth which poets like Goethe, Wordsworth and Tennyson had in moments of divine inspiration, the transcendental state of blissful repose which Amiel has described from experience in his journal—all these attest to the fact that the kingdom of God is within us and that the 'Thou art that' of the Upanishad is neither an illusion nor a sacrilege.

It is a pity, however, that Mr. Dresser should have been in so great a hurry to theorise upon his intuitional and unguided experience in the inner world. It is true he knocked, and the door was opened, but is he sure that he went sufficiently deep into that mysterious region, that he reached the *sanctum sanctorum* itself? Certainly, he does not speak like one who has seen the 'holy of holies' which lies far beyond mortal vision concealed by walls upon walls when he says, 'If the higher Self is God, how then can there be evolution? Why does my account of these exalted experiences differ from yours? If this Self is the eternal Soul, is it not perfect, unchangeable, and omnipresent—the fundamental Reality which reason finds to be a necessity of thought, the power which all forms and all forces reveal?' The Vedanta does not deny evolution. But all evolution is obviously phenomenal and therefore has no place in the final realization of the Higher Self—the noumenon. Certainly, no religion has yet said that God is growing like ourselves, and who could say that the Higher Self in us is not God, until either one of the two is fully realized, realized not by occasional glimpses of its nature, but in all its glory? Again, instead of the experiences of those who have realised the Higher Self, differing with different persons, what is most

significant and remarkable is, the exact coincidence of the descriptions of the Higher Self given by all the sages, who have known it fully and beyond doubt, from the earliest of the Upanishad Rishis to the latest Brahmanjani, who has recorded his experiences for the good of others. There is no doubting the fact that they all felt the same experience and described the same thing; and Mr. Dresser's question, 'If this self is God, is It not perfect, unchangeable, etc.' the best reply will be that It has been indicated by these very attributes by those who realised It.

The sages of the Upanishads only declared their experience, and those who followed them, having realised that experience, deduced out of it the grand system of the Vedanta, which has stood the test of ages and has been confirmed by the realizations of successive generations of sages. All those who have, in this country or elsewhere, differed from it, have done so, because they could not reach the heights of Self-realization, and lingering fatigued on the road, misconstrued the texts, and fancying that their experience was final, built new systems and secured followers for them. Such followers were easily found, because the highest Vedanta is too difficult for the average mind and confuses it. And it was for their good, of course, that some men who were intellectual giants and ambitious to be original, erected themselves up as the standards of greatness and proclaimed that there was nothing higher than what they themselves experienced. Their inability to go higher they construed as the absence of anything better, and mistook personal impossibility for absolute impossibility. Mr. Dresser will commit the same mistake if he persists in theorising upon his experience, for, evidently that is not final. There is a stage, as numberless sages have declared, in which the sense of separateness completely vanishes, the lower self dying away like a river into the sea, and where all trace of the world will be lost and the mind will cease to be. One must not stop until he reaches this state, but attaining to it, however, does not mean never coming back to the every-day consciousness, nor there is this important difference between the ordinary man and the sage, that though both live and move in the world, the latter knows that it is divine all through, and in the language of the Upanishads, 'Sees himself in all and all in himself.' He brings into it all the peace and bliss of his inner experience and spreads around him an atmosphere of holiness and calm, which elevates and purifies all that breathe it. For the usefulness of such sages we would refer the reader to our article on the subject in the last issue of the 1st volume.

Mr. Dresser entertains needless fears about being devoured by the Absolute, and is anxious to avoid what he calls Hindu Mysticism, in which he believes all individuality will be swallowed up by getting absorbed in the deity. Here there is a very gross, but, at the same time, a very common and natural misunderstanding of the Hindu ideal. The word 'mysticism' is a very unfortunate one and has acquired in usage a bad odour. Self-realization is only as mystical as physical science or biology. It is exceedingly strange, that, while to know what a plant, a mineral, or an insect is composed of, what the stars are, what the age of the world is, and such things, is natural and scientific, the knowledge of that by means of which all these are known should be considered mystical. To know ourselves is mysticism, but to know every other thing except what we are, is knowledge, is science! We have been so long accustomed to outside vision, that it is excusable that, to turn our thought inward, should be regarded with so much fear and branded with the name of mysticism, but the genuine seeker may rest assured that looking at ourselves, is not unnatural or dangerous, any more than to know what electricity is, and that the fear of the generality of mankind is only superstitious. Again, the deity does not devour the individual, as Mr. Dresser supposes. On the other hand, individuality is strengthened, purified and elevated, because of its being made by self-realization to feel its inherent divinity, its innate grandeur; and thus, instead of being swallowed up, it becomes a source of power for the good and works wonders. In spite of their being one, in point of divine-realization, Vyasa, Vasistha, Suka, Sankara and others were not all of a uniform type, having no distinguishing character like pots of the same pattern. God spoke through them all, but in different ways. One



worked out a colossal epic of Himalayan proportions, which, though rugged and artless like the Himalayas is sure to stand as long as those mountains do and has infinitely greater influence over men's minds. Another painted the sweetest picture ever painted by man and the darling Krishna, so lovely, so great and so mysterious, the greatest and the most profound character imaginable, to understand whom, is to understand the universe and what lies behind it, was his legacy to India. A third lives in the memory of every Hindu as one of the holiest of sages and as the teacher of Râma himself. A fourth was a boy-prodigy, who, clad in Sanyasin's robe, travelled on foot all over India, in silvery tones taught and discussed the highest philosophy and wrote works which are among the wonders of the world, the teacher immortal to whom the Vedanta owes more than to all the other writers of the Christian era put together. So, then, each worked in his own way, all revealing the same God but each in his own peculiar manner. Each accomplished what the poet has said:

Yet with all this abounding experience, this diet known  
I shall dare to discover some province, some gift of my own.

but suspending the 'I' and with all the power which God could give to His work. There was originality but, it was much higher than human, because inspired.

There are several other theories in the book which we cannot easily agree to, but we cannot deal with all of them here, and so shall notice only a few. The author says 'Absolute Being is thus absolute, because, and only because of individuals without whom, life would be an utterly cold and barren monotony—a gigantic egoism.' Monotony to whom? To the Absolute Being evidently, to say the least. Silence would be much better than building such theories and arguing that since we are, God cannot do without us and it is in our power to help him or mar his purposes. According to this theory, it lies with us whether we would be Satans or Gabriels, and, by resigning our wills and leaving things to be done by God's will, we will be smoothening the wheels of his government and helping him. A poor god indeed, one is tempted to exclaim! Again, Mr. Dresser thinks that, in moments of transcendental communion, the soul becomes one with God, but is not identical, and argues that Christ's doctrine of fatherhood of God relates to such an experience and is the true teaching to be followed. The 'I and my Father are one' of Jesus has been given of late, a thoroughly Vedantic interpretation, and it is difficult to decide which interpretation is correct. Whatever Christ might have meant, there is no denying the truth of the experience of numberless sages who have all declared "I (the highest Self) am not the body, etc., but God himself." This realization, we believe, will come to all who earnestly seek for it, under the guidance of one who has known the truth, for unaided efforts will not go very far. In chapter II, the author discusses the theory of soul, but he shows a want of precision and often confounds the individual soul and the highest Self. He is not able to get rid of the idea of God being somewhere outside the body, nor does he distinctly grasp the nature of the higher Self, which simply is the last Knower, the unchanging Witness of all series of mental states and being independent of them is Knowledge itself. We need not more fully deal with the subject here, as we discussed it only recently in Nos. 7 and 8 of Vol II. Only one other point we shall note and we are done. It is the question of reincarnation. Mr. Dresser takes a peculiar view and argues that instead of inferring that, one should actually have passed through a series of births from the mace upward, it would be enough to account for all existing phenomena, if we suppose each soul to be a product of the combination of atoms which have gone through all the kingdoms of the lower world and again and again formed parts of the ape, the tiger and soon. This is not a satisfactory hypothesis, as it gives no justification for the existing differences between individuals and presupposes that the soul is a compound product. A clearer investigation into the nature of the soul will prove the untenability of this theory.

In spite of the unsatisfactory nature of the theoretical portions, we have no hesitation in saying that it is one of the most useful books we have come across and it is its excellence which prompted us to write such an elaborate review. And we conclude with the prayer that Mr. Dresser will be

permitted to travel farther into the inner world till he realises the truth that the Self alone is real. It is in reality which we call God, the creator, sustainer and destroyer of the universe, which latter however is only a result of our misreading It, for It stands alone in its own glory without a second and that when this Self is seen even the appearance of the universe, vanishes and all the bonds of the heart being broken, man becomes immortal

### The Prabodha Chandrika.

Attention of the Tamil readers of the Journal is invited to the notice about the forthcoming Tamil Journal which appeared last month. As some time is required to make certain preliminary arrangements with regard to that Journal, the day of its starting has been put off to July 15th. Those who have already registered their names will, we believe, have no objection to this postponement as it is only to the advantage of the Journal and they are requested to write if they have any.

## THE BHAGAVAD-GITA

WITH

SRI SANKARACHARYA'S COMMENTARY

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

By A. MAHADEVA SASTRI, B. A.,

Curator, Government Oriental Library, Mysore.

Price Cloth bound Rs. 4.

Stiff boards Rs. 3; postage, &c., extra.

Apply to the Author,  
OR TO Messrs. THOMPSON & Co.,  
BROADWAY, MADRAS.

GOODWIN & CO.,

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS,

MYLAPORE, MADRAS.

Sell the following well tried Specifics which they confidently recommend to the Public.

1. **The Great Chamundi's Specific for Cholera**—The only unfailing cure for the dire epidemic. Price per 1 oz. phial: Re. 1-4-0.

2. **Ringworm Specific**—A radical herbal internal cure for the vexatious complaint. 1 oz. phial: Rs. 2.

3. **Ringworm Ointment**. The best external remedy. One application will convince the most sceptical 1 oz. cup: Re. 1-4-0.

4. **M. C. N's Antimalarial Pills**.—A most wonderful discovery for the permanent cure of Malaria and its sequelae. Price per bottle of 20 pills Re. 1-8-0.

Postage, &c., extra.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

	RS.	A.	P.
Gnana Yoga	2	8	0
{ Gnana Yoga, Single Lectures, each	0	2	6
{ Except Cosmos and Vedanta, each	0	4	0
Hinduism	0	5	0
Bhakti or Devotion	0	2	0
Atman	0	2	0
Raja Yoga	1	4	0
Colombo to Almora (cloth)	2	0	0
Six Madras Lectures	0	8	0
Karma Yoga	1	0	0
Bhakti Yoga	1	0	0
Real and Apparent Man	0	2	6
Donnson's System des Vedanta	0	2	0
Translation of Bhagavat Gita with Sankara's Commentary in English, by A. Mahadeva Sastri, B.A.	3	0	0
Awakened India Annual Subscription	1	8	0
Sayings of Paramahansa Ramakrishna (reprinted from the Brahmapada)	0	8	0

Apply to—THE MANAGER,  
AWAKENED INDIA,  
Mylapore, Madras.



JUST PUBLISHED.

**Padmavati Charitram***A Story of the Tamil Country in Tamil*  
BOOK I,

By A. MADAVAIAN, B.A.

பத்மாவதி சரித்திரம்

ஒரு தமிழ் நாடகத்தை.

முதற்பாகம்.

HAS ACHIEVED THE MOST BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF THE DAY.

This Novel is the best of its kind that have as yet appeared in Tamil by being



Price 12 As. Postage extra.

For Mauritius, Singapore, Penang, Natal, Rs. 1-4-0, including postage.

(For opinions of the Press and the public, please watch our Advertisement in the next issue.)

Apply to—Messrs. T. S. SUBRAMANIA &amp; Co.,

Publishers, &amp;c., Palghat.

DON'T LAMENT AFTERWARDS

**A TRUE BOOK!!!**

TO THE

READERS OF THE AWAKENED INDIA.

To any one mentioning this Magazine, we offer the following Dictionary for ... 7 8 0  
Published price ... 30 0 0**A Sanskrit English Dictionary**, being a practical Handbook with transliteration and Etymological Analysis throughout, by A. A. Macdonell, M. A., Ph. D., cloth 4 to.

Please Read This!!!

**The Ideal of Truthfulness**

OR

"THE STORY OF HARISCHANDRA."

In English

A true Pathetic Story: Every one should read this Book.

Price. As. 5 only.

**PRESS CUTTINGS.****Awakened India.** Madras.—This is the first attempt to familiarise the great story to the English-knowing public, and it has a good lesson to speak, especially in these degenerate days, in which we have sadly fallen from the grand and the ancient 'Ideal of Truthfulness.'**The Madras Standard.**—Messrs. T. S. Subramania & Co. of Palghat, have favoured us with a copy of "The Ideal of Truthfulness or the story of Harischandra" being an English translation of *Harischandra Puranam*, by Mr. V. V. Parameswara Aiyer.....Palghat. It is evident that the author has bestowed much care in the matter of the translation and the printing has been neatly executed by the Vyjayanti Press. This book is dedicated to the Hon'ble Dr. Duncan by his former pupil, the author. The story of Harischandra is well known to be one of the noblest legends in the Hindu Puranas and Mr. V. V. Parameswara Aiyer has done well in attempting to make it popular among those who do not care to read it in the original.**A Work of Reference!!!**

WHICH SHOULD BE IN

Every Office; Every School;

Every Library; Every Home.

**REMARKS ON THE USES**

OF SOME OF THE

*Bazaar Medicines and Common Medical Plants.*

OF

**INDIA**

With a full Index of Diseases indicating their treatment by these and other agents procurable throughout India, to which are added directions for treatment in cases of Drowning, Snake-bites, &amp;c.,

BY

E. J. WARING, C.I.E., M.D.

Fifth Edition, Cloth Rs. 4-6-0.

Apply Sharp—Messrs. T. S. SUBRAMANIA &amp; Co.,

Booksellers, &amp;c.,

PALGHAT.

2,000 Copies of the following Book have been sold in less than a year!!!

**Raja-Yoga Philosophy**: Lectures delivered in New York, winter of 1895-96, by the Swami Vivekananda in Raja Yoga or conquering the Internal nature, also Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms, with Commentaries. Crown 8vo. (Fourth edition) selling most rapidly. ... 2 10 0**Karma-Yoga**: Eight Lectures by Swami Vivekananda ... 1 0 0**Bhakti-Yoga**, Do Cloth ... 1 8 0

Do Do Paper ... 1 0 0

**Gnana-Yoga**, Do Cloth ... 2 8 0**From Colombo to Almora**: The Swami Vivekananda's

Tour comprising 17 Lectures ... 1 4 0

**Swami's Visit to Ceylon** ... 0 5 0**The Atman** ... 0 2 0**Ideal of Universal Religion** ... 0 2 6**The Real and the Apparent Man** ... 0 2 6**Hinduism** ... 0 5 0**Bhakti or Devotion** ... 0 2 0**Swami Vivekananda Series**, published by S. C. Mitra,

Calcutta, Part I ... 1 0 0

**Life of Sri Ramakrishna Deva**. Only 100 copies ... 0 1 0**Sakountala** or the lost ring. An Indian Drama translated into English Prose and verse from the Sanskrit of Kalidasa, with a coloured frontispiece, Sakountala writing a love letter on a lotus leaf by Sir Monier Williams.

E. J. E., Cloth ... 3 12 0

**The great Indian Epics**: The stories of the Ramayana

and the Mahabharata ... 3 12 0

**Narada Smriti**: An enquiry into love (Bhaktijyngnasa) ... 2 10 0**The Jivan Muktinirukta** or The Path of Liberation

in this Life, by Swami Vidyaranya Saraswati ... 1 8 0

In this connection we beg to inform our customers that we expect a large stock of New and Interesting Books from England by the middle of this month. Please watch our Advertisement in the next issue ...

Apply to—

Messrs. T. S. SUBRAMANIA &amp; Co.,

Booksellers,

PALGHAT, MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

# THE Prabuddha Bhārata OR AWAKENED INDIA.

ब्रह्मविदामोतिपरम्.

“He who knows the Supreme attains the highest.”—*Tait. Upa. II. 1. 1.*

Vol. II.  
No. 10.

MADRAS, APRIL 1898.

PUBLISHED  
MONTHLY.

## The Imitation of Vyasa.

**Going round the World.**—Iśwara seated with Pārvati, once called to Him His two sons Ganapati and Subrahmanya, and addressing them, said—I have a rare fruit in my possession and shall give it to that one of you, who goes round the world and returns to me first. Subrahmanya, eager to win the prize, started on his peacock at once, which flew with its Divine burden quicker than lightning, while Ganapati sat quiet—until His brother disappeared out of sight and then slowly rising, went round His parents and asked for the fruit saying, “All the worlds that are, that were, and that will be, are within you, and by going round you, I have gone round all of them. ‘Therefore the fruit is mine.” Pārvati and Paramēśwara were delighted with the reply and gave Him the precious fruit. Long after this was over, Subrahmanya came sweating on his peacock, only to find that He had been outwitted.

The story should not be taken literally. It is the philosophy in it which is essential.

The lesson briefly stated is, that God being known, everything else is known and no study of the external world, however comprehensive that may be, can ever yield us the precious fruit of wisdom. Knowledge of course will come, but wisdom with its peace and bliss will linger on the shore.

**The value of Books.**—Once upon a time there was a meeting of Rishis on Kailās. They had met for obtaining a view of God Paramēśwara. While they were waiting, a Rishi came in, loaded with a cart-load of books. He had books in his hands, on his shoulders, on his back and on his head. The books were all very valuable, and he had a passionate love for them. At his entrance in this strange manner, the other Rishis burst out into a laugh, and when he asked them why, one of them said, “God will never appear unto you, so long as you are addicted to book-learning. Here is a learning which is not in books and which indeed is the unlearning of all that you have learnt, and until you get that, you cannot see God.”

The Rishi felt the truth of the advice and threw all his books into the sea; at once, the story adds, God appeared in their midst.

**The great Samsari.**—God Maheśwara once came home very late, and Pārvati, the blessed Mother, asked Him where He had been all the while. And He replied, ‘I had been to give food to my children, who are innumerable and fill all the worlds. Pārvati asked ‘Art Thou the real feeder of all the mouths in the universe, the sustainer even of the worms and the ants?’ ‘Yes,’ replied the Lord and there the matter ended. Next day the blessed Mother hid an ant in a coconut shell and carefully concealed it in her lap. And when the Lord returned after having measured out nourishment to all creatures, asked him if He had done the day’s work and if all souls had been fed without exception. The Lord replied, ‘yes’ but Pārvati triumphantly took out the coconut shell and ‘There is at least one creature, which your munificence has not reached.’ Siva however replied, ‘First look into the shell and then speak.’ She did so, but what was her surprise when she found that the little ant had in its mouth a fresh rice grain which was more than enough for its need. At once Pārvati fell at the feet of the Lord, ‘Thou mighty Ruler of the worlds, Thou art the blessed fountain of love and mercy, Thy charity is universal and in the fulness of Thy grace, Thou neglectest not the tiniest worm that crawls the earth; and who could sing the glory of Thy grace and the motherly care Thou takest of the creatures below?’

Thus the Gītāchārya has said, ‘I am the father of this world, the mother, the supporter and the grand sire, the knowable, the purifier, the syllable *Aum* and also the Rik, the Sama and the Yajus. (IX. 17).

(What is there in him?—A certain Mumukshu (seeker after salvation) was going to his gura with offerings in his hand, when a self-styled yogi, a pretentious and peevish man, came to him and said, ‘Your guru knows nothing, you are a fool and he is a bigger fool; he cannot work any miracles, cannot walk on water, nor fly in the air, nor lie



buried in earth, as I can do. He knows nothing, why do you waste your time in going to him. He is an idiot and an impostor.' The wise munikshu heard these words and calmly replied, 'I go to him because he does not speak ill of others, nor gets angry, which I consider the greatest of miracles. The *soi dissant* yogi felt the force of the reply and went away abashed.

A good story.—Moses in his wanderings in the wilderness, came upon a shepherd, who was praying to God in the fervour of his soul and saying, 'O My Master, my Lord, would that I knew where I might find Thee and become Thy servant; would that I might tie Thy shoe latchet and comb Thy hair and wash Thy robes and kiss Thy beautiful feet and sweep Thy chamber, and serve the milk of my goats to Thee for whom my heart crieth out.' And the anger of Moses was kindled and he said to the shepherd, Thou blasphemest. The most High has no body, no need of clothing nor of nourishment nor of a chamber nor of a domestic. Thou art an infidel; and the heart of the shepherd was darkened, for he could make to himself no image of one without a bodily form and corporeal wants, and he gave himself up to despair and ceased to serve God. Then God spake unto Moses and said, "Why hast Thou driven the servant away from me. Every man has received from me his mode of being, his way of speech. Words are nothing to Me, I regard the heart."

So said the Lord in the Gita 'In whatever form men worship Me, in that same form I appear unto them.'

(A text and a commentary.—There were five students of a certain sage who regarded themselves as very learned. One day they went to a village where they saw a quiet-looking man in rather humble circumstances. In the course of a conversation in which they displayed all their learning, the villager remarked 'One must truly die and the death of one's self is the real mukti (salvation).' The learned *Vedantins* did not understand the remark and almost ridiculed the idea. However they stayed with him the whole day and took their night's rest in his house. That same night it so happened, that thieves entered the house and were carrying away the little property that was there. The visitors woke up by the noise and roused their host from what they thought his sleep. The latter rose, and in spite of their tumultuous exhortations to run after the thieves and arrest them remained unconcerned as if it were somebody else's house that was plundered. His conduct appeared to them as even more absurd than his remark during the day, and the next day, when they went to their guru, they reported the whole matter to him, and he said, 'Friends, his conduct in the night is the commentary on the text which he gave out in the day, namely, that the death of the self is the real mukti'. So saying, he took his disciples along with him and paid his respects to the village gentleman whose philosophy was not mere theory but practice in daily life.)

Right learning.—Dharmaputra, while a boy, was taught along with other boys in school a primary reader which was full of moral precepts. The first two of these precepts were 'Wish to do good' and 'The one thing to be subdued is anger.' The language was very simple and all the other boys learned the whole book by rote and recited all its contents to their teacher. But Dharmaputra could not proceed beyond the above two precepts. The teacher got angry with him and said, 'Dull boy, the book is so very easy, that I am surprised to find you have not been able to go through it, while all the other boys know it by heart.' Yudhisthira replied, 'I have not yet fully understood even the first two precepts and they have not yet come into my practice, and so I am not able to proceed to learn the rest.'

### Science, Religion, Truth.

Science: "Do you mean for me to believe in something I have never seen? God? Show Him or else I tell you that all this talk about a God is nonsense."

Religion: "Do you believe that there are stars?"

Science: "Certainly."

Religion: "You know it; but strictly speaking have you ever seen a star?"

Science: "No, but the light, the vibrations—"

Religion: "Then you do not know that the stars exist!"

Science: "O yes,—"

Religion: "How then? you said 'show me your God, and I will believe that there is One;' now I say to you 'show me your star, or I will not believe you.'"

Science: "But I can prove it!"

Religion: "So can I. God is not a mere theory but a fact. You yourself, Science, have proved that 'ex nihilo nihil fit;' something must come from something. This universe was evolved, not created, has always existed and shall ever continue to be. You, yourself, have declared the indestructibility of force and matter. God is eternal, omnipotent, omniscient. The First Cause is eternal, omnipotent, omniscient, for there is nothing to know outside of that, nothing with power except in that, since it includes the all. So the First Cause answers to our definition of God. This universe was projected from the First Cause and became the effect,—effect and cause being the same. Science, tear the veil from your eyes! Look at that twinkling mine there in the sky, beyond that there is yet another universe, and another. Where is the limit? You stagger! Ah, mind is not all; there is something beyond it that staggers not; it knows, and that is the Soul. You see the stars? To-morrow you, are blind, how know you then if they ever were? You weigh and measure matter; suppose your sense of touch should vanish, where now your proof that matter is? One little blow, a slight cut, an almost imperceptible jar to the brain and you know not whether aught nor naught exists. But far beyond the mind is Soul,—Eternal,—Free! Realise but once thy God; That is the True, the Changeless, and only That."

Science: "And how to realize?"

Religion: "Gaze inward; know thyself. Hand in hand shall we find the peace you seek, and hand in hand must we pursue our journey onward, not, as two, but as one, and our name shall be Truth!"

SRI E. SWANANDER.

# The Prabuddha Bharata

OR

## AWAKENED INDIA.

APRIL 1898.

### Vedanta and the Emperor of Emperors.

Speaking with reference to a particular empire, there is nothing so absolutely seditious in its character, so directly tending to create mutiny against the powers that be, and, what is still worse, so fully conscious of its power to overthrow their government there in the long run, whatever be its strength, as the Vedanta. It is decidedly ultra-radical, and in spite of its cloak of peace and the apparently saintly resignation, with which its professed adherents accommodate themselves to the course of events and submit to all kinds of compromises, it is ever secretly and steadily plotting to undermine the very foundations of the government in that empire, and, in its eagerness to overthrow, cares not whether what it tries to subvert, be good or bad. It cares not whether the sovereign, ruling there, be young or old, whether his ministers, viceroys and deputies are many or few, whether his dominions extend far and wide or only cover a limited area. There is no surer or more dangerous enemy to constituted authority in that empire, than the Vedanta, and woe to the government in it which, mistaking its scope and aim and deceived by its peaceful and venerable appearance, harbours it in its dominions or even suffers its existence there. Numberless kingdoms, especially in this country, all belonging to that empire, have crumbled to dust without the slightest chance of reviving, even in future yugas, hundreds of thrones in it have been burnt to ashes, their antiquity, their gorgeousness, pomp and splendour notwithstanding and the kings who sat on them with 'pride in their port and defiance in their eye,' the terrible Sultans of their kingdoms, and surnamed 'the great,' 'the conqueror,' 'the tiger,' 'the lion,' and so on, have been hurled down and banished into the primeval void, their sceptres broken, and their huge royal households scattered to the winds—all, because they injudiciously gave shelter and bread to the dangerous Vedanta. What they did was a grave political blunder, for which they have dearly paid, and their example must serve as a terrible warning to all sensible governments in the empire, which have the slightest regard for their safety. The French revolution did not work greater havoc among the monarchies of the West, for,—the mischief it did, has much of it been repaired and time will heal the few remaining sores—than the traitorous philosophy which is so actively advocated in these days.

The whole Vedantic literature is criminal in character; every word of it is a covert sedition against the emperor; its best part, the Upanishads are so many war-songs, and the Gita plainly and boldly commands its readers to fight against him, fight without scruples and without regard to consequences, while the Ramayana, the Mahabharata and the like are so many powerful suggestions in the same direction. They are the histories of terrible fights and wholesale massacres which took place in

that empire, presented in a classical and permanent form, that they may serve as perennial fountains of mischief and mutiny and excite every successive generation to rebellion against its sovereign, feasting their ears and stirring their hearts with accounts of ancient battles. War against the ruling government there, is their only theme, and no government in that empire, therefore, if it really wishes to live, should tolerate their study. It is true, that all these books talk so much about the glory of peace and take care to crown all their important discourses with the words 'Śāntih, Śāntih, Śāntih' but the peace they talk of, is peace after the overthrow of the empire, after all authority there, is put down for good.

The very method of their warfare is remarkable and perfectly in keeping with their character. At first they do not openly declare war, but like some clever lawyers who begin with apparently irrelevant and remote questions and cunningly drive their victims to an uncomfortable corner from which they could not escape, these books appear, at the commencement, to be as if they are most innocent and to have nothing to do with the complex politics of that empire and end with working out a complete political revolution. The lessons which they teach seem, in the beginning, to be very favourable to good government, so that the sovereign himself gladly embraces them and remodels his government in their light with great self-complacency, little suspecting that his course is suicidal and will end in his being throttled to death, in a close hand-to-hand wrestle, in his own palace. 'Give room to sit down and I shall make room to lie down,' is the saying, which receives nowhere a better illustration than in the practical conduct of the Vedanta; and to encourage it, is like catching the Tartar, and can end only in the downfall of the government of that emperor, with all his retinues, parliaments and armies. And what is even more audacious is, that, immediately after the victory, the Vedanta issues a grand public proclamation that there never really was either king, government, subjects or slavery and that all was a mere illusion. Can audacity go farther?

Here it may be asked, if the Vedanta be really so dangerous and so inimical to the ruling authority, how does it happen that it has survived numberless monarchs from the time of Janaka, nay very much earlier. Had no one the good sense to peep behind the masque, and discover and punish the traitor? If even a single kingdom had been overthrown through the mischievous plotting of the Vedanta, would not have all the other kingdoms—and there have been thousands of them—made a common cause against that traitorous philosophy and nipped it in the very bud? Besides, there is not the slightest allusion in our books to its alleged political power; and what is even more wonderful is, that many of our ancient kings were themselves professed adherents of that philosophy, and according to some theorists, it owes its very origin to the royal *rishis* of old India.

Our reply is, the government to which we refer and to whose well-being the Vedanta is so much opposed, is not a mere mushroom government, enduring for the brief space of a few centuries or tens of centuries at the most, but one of infinite standing, and, indeed, as old as the world itself. The emperor of that kingdom wields infinitely greater power over his dominions, than any so-called sovereign does over his petty estates and the Vedanta, having to reckon with such a mighty emperor, hardly minds other monarchs, who are such only by a figure of speech. King



Janaka once ordered a Brahmin to be expelled the country for some serious offence but when the latter asked him what the extent of his dominions was, he reflected for a moment and said, "Nothing really belongs to me; there were so many emperors who, each in his turn called the earth *his*; they have all gone, but the earth remains as ever. Therefore I have no empire which I can properly call mine; nothing belongs to me, not the men, nor the lands, nor even my family; nothing being thus my dominion, you may stay wherever you please." King Janaka spoke the truth, and all the so-called sovereigns of the world are in the same predicament. The Vedanta does not trouble itself with such fictitious emperors and empires. But there is a vast empire, where government is much more real and where, not an atom can move except at the direct bidding and under the eye of the mighty and omniscient Emperor, who is little less than God, at least, within the limits of the dominion; and it is against such a giant Emperor that the Vedanta directs its subtle manoeuvres. Where is such a kingdom? Our maps have no record of such an empire anywhere, and history has not a word to say about it, it may be asked; nevertheless, no empire is more extensive, more powerful or more real, and where it is, what it is and what its extent, will all become plain, if we but mention the name of the world-renowned sovereign of that grand empire. Not to keep the reader's mind any longer in suspense, we hasten to say that his name is Ahankâra (egoism) or as people fearing to mention his full name say "I"—a very expressive symbol, which, besides being his name, denotes at the same time his rank which is number 1, he being the very *first person* in all the worlds.

This emperor of emperors, this mighty and all-dreaded monarch, at whose bidding the earth rotates upon its axis, and stars wander in space, sits 'high on a throne of royal state,' the name of which, the wise say, is Avidya (ignorance) and holds in his hand the terrible sceptre of passion. He wears on his head a huge turban which some call Vanity. Avarice and Envy are his resplendent ear-rings. Sloth, Sleepiness and Sin are his mighty club sticks. He holds in his hand the tremendous bow of lust, which is furnished with the string of Anger, and by which he hurts all creatures piercing them with the dart of Desire. Intellect is his wife, though not a legal one, as it is well-known in some quarters. With her, and more often without her, he rides the magnificent car of the Body, which is drawn with more than lightning speed by ten wonderful horses, the Senses of action and perception, followed by a vast and splendid retinue of Vâsanâs or mental impressions. In such regal state, he constantly travels in all the ten directions, creating, conquering and destroying as he goes. From the bottom of the world to its very top, extends his empire, which for convenience' sake, is divided into as many kingdoms as there are created things, all personally governed by Him. Everything in that empire, even the tiniest creatures, which the most powerful microscopes cannot discover, even they feel his mighty presence, and at his command, fight, kill, marry and enjoy. It is at his bidding that the thief steals, the murderer slays, the lawyer pleads and plunders, the trader carries on his commerce, the statesman plots and the lover gets mad. It is at his bidding, that ants feed on insects, the lizards feed on ants, snakes feed on lizards, kites feed on snakes and man feeds on all. It is at his bidding, in short, that all the worlds perform their wonted task and reveal such an infinite variety of scenes, so full of bustle and war and mirth and woe. Says the

great sage Tâyumânavar: "The moment Ahankâra or egoism springs up in men, the world-Maya gets diversified, and who can describe the greatness of the ocean of misery, which springs from it?—flesh, body, organs, inside, outside, all-pervading ether, air, fire, water, earth, hills, deserts, shows innumerable, things invisible, forgetfulness, remembrance, griefs and joys—the never-ending waves of the ocean of Maya—their cause Karma, their cures, numberless religions with numberless founders, God, disciples, methods numberless, with authorities for all the practices, and logic—one might more easily count the minute sands in the sea." Such is the power of Ahankâra. He is at the bottom of the world, the mighty Atlas on whose shoulders it rests, and but for whom it could be nowhere.

It is against such a mighty emperor and not against any self-sufficient individual, who, putting on a crown on his head, fancies he is the sovereign of the world, that the Vedanta carries on a persistent war. It commences operations in a very simple way, at first throwing out only a suggestion or two and that in a well-chosen hour, in a thoroughly courtier-like fashion. To take an example. A man, let us say, loses his son of whom he was very fond. His grief is inconsolable, the world loses all charm for him and life becomes insupportable. Just then the Vedanta makes its appearance with a very sad countenance and instead of boldly and directly impeaching the sovereign Ahankâra, the cause of all this mischief, timidly suggests: 'This is the result of bad Karma, you ought to have done some great injury to some one in your last birth and that is why you suffer in this.' With this consolation, which, it may be observed *en passant*, is in perfect accordance with truth, unlike those administered by other religions, which, under the circumstances, would say some such thing as, 'Your son is in heaven with God and you will reach him as soon as you die'—is coupled a valuable hint to the effect that one can attain greater happiness, at least, in the next birth, only by doing good acts in the present one. The sad event thus offers a good opportunity to the man for becoming better, and he does some good things, say, builds a Chatram or endows a temple and is glad for having done so, which means that the emperor Ahankâra is delighted at his own goodness and unsuspectingly thanks the Vedanta for having made him happy and thus gives it a surer footing. The mind gets somewhat purified, and the study of Vedantic literature is begun. The books are first looked upon as so many interesting stories, a second perusal results in finding in them a half truth here and a half truth there, some grains of wisdom amidst much chaff. There is a subtle and almost unrecognised inducement to read them a third time, and now it seems that even the chaff has some concealed meaning or at any rate sets off the rest to advantage, and the whole appears grand and poetic. If nothing else, one could at least pass off for a scholar, poet and philosopher by studying them. Pride, however, is the forerunner of destruction, and, ere long, it is discovered that fame avails little in the practical struggle in the world, and that even good acts meet with a bad return. The lessons, till now in the lips, now go down deep into heart, that the only means to be happy is, to do good without caring for the results.

Here begins the practice of Karma Yoga, the dignity and power of which are hardly known to the scriptures of other religions. The grand precept, 'Do thy duty without caring for the result, thou hast right only to the action but not to the fruits thereof,' aims a strong blow upon



the foolish emperor Ahankāra. Even a stronger blow is dealt to it, when the next step is taken, when the practice of Bhakti Yoga commences. And the once mighty emperor is shelved away into the lumber room, and a powerful regent appointed in his place, for the true Bhakta dedicates whatever he does to God. 'Whatsoever thou dost, whatever thou eatest, whatsoever thou offerest, whatsoever thou givest, whatsoever thou dost of austerity, O! Kaunteya, do thou as an offering unto me.' This is the advice to the Bhakta, and he who is able to follow it, no longer does anything, as his own act. But, even here, the victory over Ahankāra is not complete, for there still continues the false knowledge of one being the aggregate of the body, the senses and so on, and, though at times the misery of mortal life is forgotten in the ecstasy of love, it asserts itself often, and the emperor, not being slain, takes every opportunity to thrust himself into the court and make his presence felt. Fortunately this is not the acme of individual progress, there is a step still higher, which forms the theme of the best part of Vedantic literature and which consists in the lover losing himself in the ocean of God, or, more accurately speaking, realising his oneness with God, whom he was hitherto worshipping as something different from him and far off somewhere above the clouds, but whom he now recognises to be his own inmost Self, an experience referred to by Bhagavan Sri Sankaracharya, in the following verses :

नमेद्वेषरागौ न मे लोभमोहो  
मदो नैव मे नैव मात्सर्यभावः ।  
न धर्मो न चार्थो न कामो न मोक्ष  
क्षिदानन्दरूपः शिवोऽहं शिवोऽहम् ॥  
न मे मृत्युश्च ज्ञानमेवातिभेदः  
पितानैव मे नैव मातानजन्म ।  
न बन्धुर्न मित्रं गुरुर्नैव शिष्य  
क्षिदानन्दरूपः शिवोऽहं शिवोऽहम् ॥

"Neither love nor hate, neither ambition nor illusion, neither pride nor the least tinge of jealousy, nor good, spiritual or temporal, nor desire, nor liberation ;—I am none of these, I am all bliss, the bliss of unconditioned consciousness."

"Death I fear not, caste I respect not, father, mother, nay even birth, I know not, relatives, friends I recognise not, teacher and pupil I own not ;—I am all bliss, the bliss of unconditioned consciousness."

The realisation of this unconditioned bliss can only be obtained through the practice of Gnana Yoga which is nothing but an open war against Ahankāra. When matters gradually reach such a crisis as to necessitate war, the Vedanta throws off its masque and plays its part openly. It distinctly says that the emperor himself is the cause of all the sufferings in the kingdom, that he should be slain at any cost and that conquest of him is sure, he owing his very existence to a fraud. It boldly proclaims that the real I is *satyagnana ananta ananda*, eternal, pure and unconditioned, the Light of lights where this variety of names and forms has no existence and that therefore Ahankāra whom people dignify with the appellation 'I', is a mere usurper, a villainous upstart and pretender and that the sooner he is extinguished, the better would it be for all. 'Awake, arise, seek the great ones and get understanding' (Ka. Up. III, 14.) 'Great is the loss of him who realises not the Self in this life'

(Ka. Up. II, 5.) says the Vedanta, and adds, 'The body itself is called by the wise, the temple, and the jiva in it, is itself the unconditioned Siva' (Maitreya Up.) 'Thou art that which transcends all names and forms, and which alone is real.' Can sedition go farther? But the Vedanta does not stop here. It creates mutiny, finds out the commander, the guru and reveals the truth and when that is realised, Ahankāra with all his armies and kingdoms, disappears like a dream after waking, his kingdom, the world, is found to be a mere illusion, and his wife, Intellect, is permanently wedded to the Lord, who alone is real, and loses herself in the embrace with Him, like a river in the sea. Here the sage proclaims, 'There is no dissolution, creation, none in bondage, no pupilage, none desirous of liberation, none liberated, this is the absolute truth.' (Sri Gaudapada's Karika, II, 32). Now the war is at an end, and what remains is Peace Absolute. Om Śāntih, Śāntih Śāntih.

### Our Duty.\*

*A lecture delivered at Madura by the Present Sri Sankaracharya of the Srīngagiri Math.*

His Holiness spoke to the following effect :—

The dwellers of the Naimisaranya sought for and received instruction in spiritual truths on an Ekadasi-day. To-day is such a day.

Just as there are three Supreme Deities, Brahma, Vishnu and Rudra, three sacred fires, Dakshināgni, Gārhapatya and Ahavaniya and three sacred rivers, the Ganga, the Yamuna and the Saraswati, so also

THREE THINGS ARE ESSENTIAL FOR THE EMANCIPATION OF SPIRIT.

Those three are difficult to obtain—Human incarnation, desire to obtain emancipation and the acquisition of a spiritual guru. It is only as the result of good karmas, which one did in his past incarnations, that one is born as a human being. To be born a human being, is, a precious boon. In the matter of food, sleep and sexual appetite, there is not much to choose between man and beast. What distinguishes man from beast is the possession of jnana (ratiocination). Ratiocination is essential for obtaining temporal as well as spiritual benefits. Beasts have no such rational faculty and cannot hope to derive any spiritual advantage. Being merely born a man, however valuable it may be in itself, cannot go a great way, if the man is not endowed with a desire to obtain freedom from birth. A man wishing to obtain emancipation from birth, can accomplish his object, only if he succeeds in getting a properly qualified guru. One who seeks to obtain Mukti without the help of a guru, will experience nothing but misery. Since so much depends on a guru, one should exercise great care in the choice of him. There are gurus and gurus. Having obtained a proper guru, the disciple should be as much devoted to the guru, as he should be to Isvara himself. The God is unseen but a guru is seen. Nay, the disciple should even be more devoted to his guru than even to Isvara, for the anger of the guru is productive of greater evil to the disciple than the anger of Isvara. When Isvara is angry, the guru will be instrumental in

\* This resume first appeared in a Madras newspaper and is republished with a view to give it a wide circulation. It is of this Sankaracharya that Mr. Charles Johnston wrote "He is a man of the highest character, a magnetic personality, a fine Sanskrit scholar and a perfect master of the intricacies of the Vedanta philosophy, familiar with the works of his great predecessors." (I'ide p. 68, vol. II).



protecting the disciple, but when the guru is angry, Siva cannot protect him.

THE DISCIPLE SHOULD NOT BE OF THE TYPE OF BHASMA'SURA.

Once an Asura named Bhasmāsura prayed to Siva and got from him a boon, by which everything he laid his hand upon, could be reduced to ashes. Having got the boon, he wanted to try it on Siva himself. At this juncture, Vishnu came to the rescue. He assumed the form of a female angel and appeared before Bhasmāsura. Bhasmāsura, smitten with love, went to embrace the angel. But the angel offered to comply with the Asura's importunity, if he would perform his Nitya Karma. The Asura, in obedience to the command of the angel, performed his usual Nitya Karma, and in the act laid his hand upon his own head and was himself reduced to ashes.

A proper guru should be sought after, and having found him, the disciple should have unbounded attachment and devotion to him.

There are, as it were,

FOUR DOOR-KEEPERS OF HEAVEN,

Sama, Vichara, Santosha and Sādhuranga—tranquillity of mind, study of the soul, cheerfulness, and association with the wise. Tranquillity of mind is a condition precedent to the obtaining of Atmagnana. A man whose mind is agitated with the turmoils and cares of life in this world, cannot get spiritual light. Sankara has said "One should obtain first the company of the wise, then solitude, then freedom from passions, then tranquillity of mind and lastly, Mukti—emancipation." Therefore two things above all should be possessed by man—devotion to the guru, a keen desire to know spiritual truths and then the knowledge of Atman will follow of course.

MAN'S WANTS ARE FEW.

All that a man wants, is a little warm food with ghee and a piece of cloth. Everything else is luxury, pure and simple, and time spent in the pursuit of such luxury is time ill spent. He alone can be said to be in power, who is not in the service of anybody. As is stated in the Upanishads, 'For knowing Atman, one should give up desire to live in the midst of people, should give up sensuous desires and dwell in a secluded place.'

AVIDYA (spiritual ignorance) IS A LONG-STANDING EVIL.

It cannot therefore be rooted out at once. It will take a long time indeed, before it can be removed. It is like a stain on a cloth. If time be taken by the forelock and attempt be made to remove the stain as soon as it soiled the cloth, it may be removed at once. But if the stain be allowed to remain on the cloth for a long time, the services of the washerman will have to be engaged to remove it. The human race is without beginning. We say so, because we cannot see its beginning. The burden of proof lies on those who affirm that it has a beginning. Sri Krishna says to Arjuna in the Bhagavadgita, "You and I have had many births, Arjuna. I remember all my former births but you do not. That is all the difference between you and me." Again, "I incarnate in every Yuga for establishing truths."

Instruction is only to point out the way. The assimilation and the practical application of the instructions depend upon the spiritual development of the recipient. One with his spiritual faculties well developed, will be able to understand the instructions clearly and to assimilate them, while no impression will be made on one whose spiritual development is very slight. As Bhavabhuti has it, A teacher instructs the dull as well as the intelligent in

thesame way. But taking account of the stock of knowledge, one finds that the intelligent pupils have profited much by the instruction, while the dull have scarcely been impressed at all. A crystal reflects objects that are near it, but not so a heap of earth. Is there any hatred between the objects and the earth? No, it is only the nature of the substances that has to account for the difference.

THIS SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT CANNOT BE ATTAINED IN A SINGLE BIRTH.

The development necessary for complete emancipation from the thralldom of Janma, can be acquired only in a series of births. Every tendency that a man exhibits in this birth, is the result of his karma in the past births. Do we not see a man who has learnt and forgotten a lesson, understand it, when it is again taught, better than a beginner? The same thing may be said of our experiences in past lives. One who learns by rote the Vedas in one life, has a special aptitude for that study in the next. He who makes the sciences his special study in one life, takes great interest in them in his next birth. A crow naturally likes the fruits of the margosa tree. Its relish is the result of its experience in former births.

He who commits soulcide, enters the dark world. Soulcide is merely ignorance of soul. How can we say that this is a sin? Because

IGNORANCE OF WHAT IS SOUL IS THE SOURCE OF ALL WICKEDNESS.

It is the belief that the body is the Atman, that is at the root of all the crimes perpetrated in this world. It is said, 'What sin is not committed by the thief who steals away Self?' Many of you do not properly perform your Sandhya-vandanams and other rites, merely because, you regard the comforts of the body alone to be the be-all and end-all of existence. You may ask, 'If I have many births to pass through, what matters it, if I devote this birth entirely to the enjoyment of the pleasures of the senses and resolve to devote the whole of my next life to spiritual advancement and that alone?' Woe to him that thinks so! No greater mistake can be committed by a human being. If you are born as men in this life, it is because you have performed some good and virtuous actions in the births previous. The present is certain, the future uncertain. If you postpone making attempts towards spiritual advancement, you may never be in a position to make such attempts.

WHAT GUARANTEE IS THERE THAT YOU WILL BE AGAIN BORN A HUMAN BEING?

On the other hand, a man's wicked, sensuous tendencies in this life, are sure to deprive him of the chance of being again born a human being. This birth is a trial to see whether you make honest attempts to know the soul. An honest attempt made by you to understand the nature of Atman, will surely get you another incarnation as man. If no attempt is made at all, then you may depend upon it, you will have no human incarnation. Suppose a Brahmin goes and begs of a king to assist him with money for the performance of a sacrifice (Yāga). The king gives the Brahmin a handsome present. The Brahmin spends it all in building a fine house for himself and in decorating his wife. When all the money is thus spent, the Brahmin is put in mind of the sacrifice. Then he goes to the same king and begs again for another present. Will the king be foolish enough to give him a present again? Will not the Brahmin be kicked out of the king's presence with vile reproaches? But suppose the Brahmin after receipt of the present, honestly arranges for the sacrifice, and in



the course of the preparation, finds the sum received, insufficient and then applies to the same king for further help, will not the king surely help the Brahmin to complete the sacrifice? Will he not rather prefer to run into debt, should he have no money, than to leave the Brahmin in a state of helplessness? Therefore, I say, make attempts forthwith. You may not succeed in emancipating yourself in this life. But your honest attempts will fetch future opportunities to make further attempts. It is said, 'Prosperity attends that lion among men, who is industrious. It is the ignorant that say, it is all due to fate and destiny. Set at naught fate and destiny and make such attempts as lie in your power. What harm is there, if your attempts are not crowned with success?'

DO YOU NOT DEVOTE YOURSELVES ARDENTLY AND  
INDESTRIOUSLY TO PASS THE UNIVERSITY  
EXAMINATIONS?

and if you fail once or twice, do you not make repeated endeavours to pass the same? While you do so much hard work for securing purely temporal ends, is it not more imperative that you should work hard to secure eternal spiritual bliss? True, you cannot all obtain Mukti at once. A few only can achieve it. One whose soul is fully ripe (Paripakvamukha) can alone hope to obtain it in this life. We should make attempts at once and should not be impatient about the results. If the attempts are properly made, beneficial results are sure to follow. If no benefits accrue, surely there should be something wrong in the manner in which the attempt has been made. A physician prescribes a certain medicine and certain diet to a patient. The patient takes the medicine but does not observe the diet properly. Will the patient be justified in complaining of the inefficacy of the medicine? If honest attempts be earnestly made for the purpose of knowing Atman, glimpses of spiritual light can be seen even in this life. The thought that only a few can really succeed in getting Mukti in this life should not deter you from working for your own salvation. You should think that you may be one of that few. A priest in a temple scatters in the midst of a crowd of devotees, say ten consecrated flowers. At the largest, only ten persons can hope to get a full flower, and the number will be fewer still, if one individual should happen to get three or four. Nevertheless, do we not see each person in the crowd scrambling to secure at least a little fragment of a flower? You must every one of you try first to learn what the Sastras teach. 'The Sastras are endless. Much has to be learnt. Life is short and obstacles are many. So you should study that which is full of essence, just as a swan separates and takes in the milk from a mixture of milk and water.'

(To be continued).

## The Glory of Love.

In days of yore, there lived a young Brahman, named Chandrasarma with his wife, Sārada. He had been brought up in a very careless and idle manner, and by that means had contracted many vicious habits. He was surrounded by low companions and bad women; his life was a continual stream of debauchery and carnality.

At last he fell in love with a woman, named Kamala. She was beautiful, accomplished and young. She gradually gained wonderful influence over this young Brahman and ruled him with an iron hand. He lost himself in her enticements; he left his house and remained day and night with her.

One day he went with her to a river-side for recreation; but, on their way home, he was bitten by a venomous serpent and dropped down dead. Kamala, finding no signs of life in his body, ran away for fear of being charged with the murder.

Next day the corpse was seen by some and an alarm was raised. Sārada and her relatives went to the spot where his body was lying. Sārada, looking at the corpse, wildly cried and rolled on the ground with grief. Her relatives and many others tried to console her but in vain. Immediately after, a funeral pile was prepared.

When the fire began to blaze and burn high, Sārada bathed and dressed herself in pure white. She circumambulated the fire thrice, gave away all the ornaments on her body, and all the wealth belonging to her, to Brahmins and jumped into the fire pronouncing, "Hara! Hara! Govinda. Madhava!" Such was the intensity of her love.\*

As soon as she jumped, the great God, in the twinkling of an eye, took her in a Vimana or celestial car to Kailasa, which was the reward for her love.

In the divine world she always offered prayers to the Lord and His wife, Parvati, and was always absorbed in meditation. Parvati was pleased with her firm devotion and asked her, what everlasting blessing she wanted from Her. Sārada replied, "O Merciful Bhavāni, please to condescend to show me my husband." She longed to see her husband, for she was eager to speak to him of the bliss she enjoyed in the presence of God and take him over there if possible. "Very well," replied Parvati, "Go to the hill yonder where you will find your husband."

Then, Sārada, with great joy, went in an aerial car to the hill where she beheld her husband, in the shape of a devil, walking alone buried in his own thoughts and frequently uttering the words "Kamala, Kamala." When she heard it, she burst into tears. "O my husband," exclaimed she, "I now know how much love your great heart is capable of, but neither Kamala nor I, am worthy of your great love. Oh, how good it would have been if you had dedicated this immeasurable love of yours to God!"

The word went into the very depth of the ghost's (Brahman) heart; he stood a few seconds in mute astonishment; then he said, "Yes, Sārada, you are right, I worked out my own ruin. Is there any remedy? Where can I find Him?" Sārada replied with a smile: "You ask of me, 'Where can I find Him?' But, I ask you to tell me where you cannot." But, on finding him silent, she continued: "O Chandrasarma, I will now tell you the places where the Supreme Being abides. They, who look upon another man's wife as their own mother, and his wealth as the deadliest poison, who rejoice to see a neighbour's prosperity and are grieved for his misfortunes, their heart is His abode. He who has given up all attachment to tribe, sect, wealth, hereditary religion, worldly advancement, friend, relations, home and all, and given himself wholly to Him, in his heart is His temple wherein to abide. They, who never ask for anything but simply love Him, will become absorbed in Him. He is the source of all beauty, of all sublimity. He is the only object to be loved. You must, therefore, worship Him through love alone and nothing else. He is to be worshipped as the one beloved, dearer than everything in this and the next life. You should give up the idea of 'I' and 'Mine' and must ever try to be unselfish, and self-sacrificing. You should also realise that the soul (the

\* There is no attempt here to advocate or praise the practice of Sati. The incident is mentioned only to add force to what follows.



life principle) which prompts you to work, is neither doer nor enjoyer but is simply a witness. If you understand and act up to the principles I have just mentioned, you will certainly enjoy that Divine Bliss which you anxiously thirst for."

Secrecy had she finished her instructions when he cried, "Quarter, O Merciful God! Thy might is immeasurable, and immeasurable Thy Majesty; I knew Thee not. I have reaped the fruit of my own actions; now my Lord, succour me, for to Thee I have come for refuge."

When the merciful God heard this most piteous appeal, He took him with his wife, Sārada, to Kailasa.

S. V. VENKATA RAMAIA.

## Thoughts on the Bhagavad Gita.

(Continued from page 93.)

I request the gentle reader to save me from the sacrilege of attempting to dethrone Sri Rāma, Sri Krishna and other universally recognised *avatārs* from the high pedestal in which they have been placed by common consent. My endeavour, on the other hand, is to show that they are God Himself and none but God. Certainly, if they are not God, who else is? If Rāma, the ideal of social and domestic virtues, the miracle of gentleness, goodness and valour, of heroism tempered with humility and prowess combined with mildness, a lion in war and a lamb in peace, the ideal lover, who wept torrents at his separation from Sita, but the dignity of whose character was such, that he would not take her back, unless her chastity was publicly vouched for by the gods above, who wept almost to death on the lap of his apparently dead Lakshmana, but only a few days after, extinguished, by a single arrow, Ravana, the tyrant of all the worlds, the "Saddha Brahma Paratpara Rām" at whose very sight the universe melts away, trembling like a ghost at sunrise but who is dear to poets and Bhaktas in his human form, blue like the sky holding the Kodanda (his bow) in his hand and walking the earth like a poor ascetic, the sweet Ramamūrti, whose name being the *tāraka mantra*, is in the heart of every pious Hindu from the Himalayas to the Cape; if Sri Krishna, the thrice blessed Lord who came into the world to act out in bright and never perishing relief, the divine drama of the universe, with all its apparent absurdities, incongruities and evils and showed that behind them all, was Himself, the *Kapata nātaka Sūtradhāra* (the cunning wire-puller of all this puppet-show), the incomprehensible Lord of thieves, who is Himself love and mercy, but is yet the cause of all mischief, hatred and war, the ideal child, whose little pranks which are in the lips of every Hindu mother, are so many revelations of the meaning of the world's scriptures, the ideal lover, whose dalliance with the blessed Gopis and beautiful Rādhā, teach more than all the Upanishads do, the cunning diplomatist, whose subtle contrivances, are the laws that govern the world, the ideal warrior, by whose very presence the world struggles on to truth and justice, the teacher of teachers, who taught all the philosophy of all the scriptures, of all religions, of all the worlds put together in the brief space of three hours, the bachelor with sixty thousand wives, the humble hostage of Satyabhāma whose weight exceeded that of all the jewels of all his wives and loves, but was just equal to that of a small Tulsi leaf of Rukmani, the deceitful friend, who, by just one wink of his eye, transformed Nārada himself into a poor woman with many children,

the piping, dancing, sporting Shepherd, always playful, always cunning, and always love-making, the bright idyll of whose life is unparalleled for the charm of its poetry, or the variety of its incidents and the depth of its philosophy, Krishna the *pārna avatār*—if these are not God, who else could be? Rāma and Krishna must be God, or there is no God at all. There can be no other alternative. Truly does Līlāsuka sing

वरमिदमुपदेशमाद्रियध्व ।

निगमवनेषु नितान्तचार खिनाः ।

विचिनुत भवनेषु वलुर्वाणां ।

उपनिषदमूलखले निबद्धं ॥

Oh, ye who are weary of wandering in vain in the wilderness of the Sāstras, search for the Meaning of the Upanishads (Sri Krishna) in the cottages of the shepherdesses, where It is tied down to a mortar.

We might add, or on the banks of the Ganges, where It stood embracing a boatman (Guhā.)

Our object in discussing the theory of incarnations, is not to prove that Rāma and Krishna were men but that God neither descends nor ascends as the other theories on the subject suppose, but that He is everywhere, in the atom as much as in the planet, in the ant as much as in man. This omnipresence we may all theoretically recognise, but philosophy or at least the Vedānta is no theory. Its object is to enable us to practically realise what we intellectually comprehend. One great help to such realisation, is to direct our attention to the grander manifestations of divinity, which is almost a necessary preliminary to the higher worship, which consists in seeing Him in everything and everything in Him. In the Christian Bible, God is represented as having first spoken through thunder and lightning. It was long after this, that the Prophet Elijah recognised Him in the beautiful calm of nature, and much later still, did the voice come forth 'the kingdom of God is within you'. Naturally we are more readily attracted by the grander manifestations of nature than by the lesser. That is why Sri Krishna speaks of his grander manifestations as He does in the tenth chapter of the Gita where He describes his Vibhūti, (wealth of manifestation) 'Of the Vedas I am the Sāma Veda, I am Vāsava of the Gods, etc.', before he explains that He is Himself the Kṣhetrajña in all Kṣhetras (XIII. 2) in other words, identical with the individual soul.

These incarnations then, being extraordinary manifestations of God's power and glory, are *pūjārhs*, worthy of adoration, but the best way in which a *mumukshu* (seeker after salvation) could worship them, is to regard them as nothing less than Brahman and always meditate on them as such. It is specially with this purpose that the Rāmātāpani, Rāma rahasya, Gopālā tāpani, Krishnopanishad, and Kalisanthāranōpanishad, have been composed by the Rishis. To look upon them as some Logos or some incarnation of some particular deity vacating Heaven and descending into earth, however good they may be for the many, would not altogether satisfy the longings of the genuine *mumukshu*, and it is from his standpoint that the subject is discussed here at some length. And Sri Krishna himself, whenever He says 'I' in the Gita, always talks of Himself as Brahman or Iswara. And the same does Rāma do in the Sitārāmānjanēya samvāda and the Adhyātma Rāmāyana—facts which confirm the interpretation of Arjuna and Krishna as the mind and the Atman with which we started at the outset of this discourse on the Gita.

(To be continued.)



## The extent of my dominion.

(A SCENE IN THE COURT OF JANAKA.)

Once upon a time, a certain Brahmin in the kingdom of Videha was accused of a serious offence and brought for trial before king Janaka. The Emperor found him guilty and ordered him to quit his dominions at once. The Brahmin asked in reply, "Pray, tell me, O King, what the limits are of the territories subject to you. I wish to repair to the dominion of some other king. I am ready to obey your command this moment, but I am at a loss to know what portion of the earth belongs to you and to you exclusively." Janaka was startled at the reply. He was about to say "What do you not know which is my kingdom and which is not?" but just then a thrill passed through his body, and hanging down his head with shame, he heaved repeated and hot sighs, and said not a word in reply to the Brahmin's question, but sat plunged in thought. When that sense of shame passed away and he became comforted, he replied to the Brahmin as follows:—

"Although a large inhabited tract is subject to me within this ancestral kingdom of mine, yet I fail to find my dominion, though I search the whole earth. There were several persons who called this dominion theirs, but they are all gone, and this remains. If it really belonged to anybody, it should have ceased to exist when he died. The goddess Earth once truly said, 'Kings after kings came and claimed me each to be his and fought with one another. They are all gone, but I remain, for I do not really belong to any one.' What a fool was I to have forgotten this simple thing! This country is mine, only in my imagination. Not knowing this, I searched for my dominion. First I thought that the whole earth was mine; this appeared unreasonable; then I sought for my dominion in Mithila, and this too appeared foolish, for every part of Mithila has its owner; then I sought for my dominion among my children, and that too appeared unreasonable, for they do not absolutely belong to me; then I looked for my dominion in my body and it at once struck me that that too was foolish, for in the first place I am not master over my body, and in the second place it belongs more properly to the corpuscles, worms and parasites in it while living, and after death to the dogs, kites and jackals and worms, that will feed on it after death. Failing thus to find my dominion anywhere, I became filled with shame at having so rashly ordered you to quit my dominion. Just then there flashed upon me the idea that *I have no dominion and that everything is my dominion.* Do you, therefore, dwell here as long as thy choice leads you and do you enjoy this country as long as you please."

The Brahmin said, "When there is a large ancestral kingdom belonging to you, tell me, how you say that you have no kingdom: your ancestral dominion has its bounds, and yet you say that everything is your dominion. Tell me how you came to such a strange conclusion."

The king replied, "I examined who I was, whether I was the body, the mind, the senses, or the intellect, and found that I was none of these, and thus realised my infinite nature. I found nothing outside me, and so I have no dominion. Whatever I see, whatever seems to exist is only Myself. I am the sun, I am the moon, I am the stars, I am the waters, I am man, I am woman, indeed I am every thing, and there exists nothing outside Me, and thus I have no dominion. And yet all is my dominion, for I do not desire for my own self, even those smells that are in my nose. Therefore the earth subjugated by me is always

subject to me. I do not desire for my own self, those tastes, that exist in contact with even my tongue. Therefore, water subjugated by me is always subject to me. In the same way, all other objects of sensation are subject to me, for I have mastered my senses, and am free from desire. The whole world is only a collection of objects of sensation, and I having transcended these sensations, the whole universe is subject to me. Besides, and in a much higher sense, I am the inner ruler of all that exists, for sage Yajñavalkya has taught us:

'He, who, dwelling in the earth, is within the earth, whom the earth does not know, whose body is the earth, who from within, rules the earth, is thy soul, the Inner Ruler immortal.'

'He, who, dwelling in all the elements, is within the elements, whom the elements do not know, whose body is the elements, who from within, rules the elements, is thy Soul, the Inner Ruler immortal.'

'He, who, dwelling in the mind, is within the mind, whom the mind does not know, whose body is the mind, who from within, rules the mind is thy Soul, the Inner Ruler immortal.'

NO-BODY-KNOWS-WHO.

## True greatness or Vasudeva Sastry.

BY T. C. NATARAJAN.

### CHAPTER XIV.

Outside the pandal, the moonlight—the only privilege which our poor India continues to enjoy from ancient times—was splendid and it looked as if the whole world had been renewed and illuminated by celestial machinery for the nuptials of the God of Love himself. It was so delightful and enchanting, that the universe forgetting its petty toils and turmoils of the day, seemed filled with self-conscious rapture and the few stars that were visible—others had drowned themselves in the flood of light—appeared like so many 'gems of purest ray serene,' the treasures of the Gods above. That day Heaven came down to the earth and clasped it in one rapturous embrace. Everywhere there was rejoicing, and the young fairy-like girl in the marriage pandal, sat scattering heaven around her, by pouring forth silvery strains of music to match the magic moon above. The concert had just begun, when Srinivasan came to Srirangam and when he saw the marriage pandal and heard the singing, he blessed his stars and rejoicing, entered into the assembly. But who can describe his feelings, when he saw the singer herself, who, taking him for an influential gentleman, rose on his approach and 'pouring the magic of her gaze' upon his admiring eyes, saluted him. He took his seat near her and said to himself 'Here is Heaven and nowhere else! Ah, how foolishly men torture their bodies and minds to perceive a dim light within their hearts—which after all, is but a creation of their own hypnotised fancy, while there is such an angelic light in the world! What idiots they should be, who close their eyes and ears to hear a dull and monotonous sound—which after all, is but the result of hunger and nervous debility,—while there is such celestial music available here! What fools to fly away into lonely forests, when there are such queens of love living in our midst! Perhaps those poor creatures only shun what they cannot get, like the jackal which despised the grapes as sour, because they were beyond its reach, or more probably they do penance to obtain such fairies, at least in a future life. Who can describe her



beautiful form, how divinely exquisite her song? I dare say the poet had a similar angel in his mind when he sang:

As the moon's soft splendour  
O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven  
Is thrown.  
So thy voice most tender  
To the strings without soul has given  
Its own.  
Though the sound overpowers,  
Sing again, with thy sweet voice revealing  
A tone  
Of some world far from ours,  
Where music and moonlight and feeling  
Are one.

When Srinivasan was in this ecstatic condition, Vasudev Sastri came to the pandal, and the first person that naturally met his eyes was Janaki, that was the name of the dancing girl, but on seeing her, his mind was filled with pity for that poor girl. "So beautiful and accomplished, only to be so immoral and dangerous," he said to himself, "if only she could sing of God with one tenth of this sweetness and inspire her hearers with one hundredth of the love and admiration with which they regard her person! O Lord, this is thy Maya. Let it go on. Thou art Thyself the dancing girl, the audience, the marriage party and myself and yet we appear not to know Thee and feel as if we are something different from Thee." These thoughts led him inward into the sacred shrine of his Self, the music serving as a sweet lullaby for him while he slept in the cradle of Brahmananda. The silent music of the Self, and the moonlight that ever shines within, all unaffected by the clouds of grief and joy, these were sweeter and more enchanting to him than the songs of Janaki or her beautiful charming face, and he woke only when the company was about to break up. He had slept so long, though he was surprised when the party ended that it did so soon. He then looked about for Srinivasan in all directions and even thought that he saw him, but the crowd was so great and broke up so rapidly, people going out by several ways, that he was not able to pursue him. Srinivasan himself actually caught a sight of Vasudev Sastri and startled, darted out of the pandal after the dancing girl, decidedly preferring her and her love to the Vedantin and the wisdom he could impart. But just then, under the inspiration of the fallen archangel, a strange idea possessed his mind, which was that he should, that very night, secure the services of Janaki and bribe her somehow to allure the Sastri into the net of her love and cast to the winds his Vedanta and Jñana. Here was the best opportunity, he thought, to prove the hollowness and insufficiency of the Vedanta. "Vedanta is well and good," he exultingly said to himself, "when a man is poor and miserable and cruelly treated by a quarrelsome wife, but who can think of God, heaven and all that non-sense when there is Janaki ready to spring into his arms. Even great men like Visvamisra, Parashura and others have been brought back to carnality and lost, by the nameless power of woman and it will be a good joke if I can catch hold of the Sastri and expose his Vedanta when he is pillowed on Janaki's bosom. The idea is excellent, I shall at once put it into execution."

Thus thinking, he retraced his steps and stealthily followed the saintly Sastri, who, it having got late in the night, had to put off his search for the morning and laid himself down for sleep on the bare plait of a house in the Brahmin street. Seeing him take bed and marking the house, Srinivasan fled up to Janaki's residence even before she reached it, and there made an engagement for a night's

stay with her, paying a considerable sum of money to her old grandmother with whom the contract was made.

Janaki returned home in very high spirits, a result of the encomiums which had been unstintingly showered upon her by her entertainers and the presents with which she had been loaded. On her way home, she heard everybody talk only of her beauty and music, and all the streets rang with praises of herself. Even the trees and houses seemed to her to sing her praises. She was all in a flutter, and, as she walked, her feet were barely on the ground and the head seemed to her to touch the very stars. As soon as she came home, her toothless, eyeless, hump-backed old grandmother who had once been a mischievous beauty and now an extinct volcano, took her in her arms, and covering her over with kisses, told her of an engagement she had made for her, adding the "Brahmin boy is a very rich fellow and looks like a prince and has given an enormous sum of money." To assure her of the truth of what she said, she clinked the coins which produced a jingling sound so delightful to the ears of dancing girls.

In the meanwhile, Srinivasan had been conducted by a handsome maid into a spacious bed-chamber, which was decorated with objectionable pictures of all sorts, large mirrors, massive lustre lights and furnished with ebony chairs, ornamental sofas, stately spring cots, silken mattresses and cushions and things of the kind. The incense of sandal sticks and the offering of milk, fruits, cakes and flowers, were all kept ready for Manmatha-puja, the propitiation of the god of love. Srinivasan looked at himself in the mirror and was delighted with his personal appearance. Though a young man, he had a very stately and dignified look about him, which inspired those that came near him with respect and sometimes even with awe. He had never before gone into a dancing girl's house, so his heart beat violently, and in spite of the Epicurean philosophy which he had taught himself, after his vain search for God, he was not able to fall into approving submission. There was, however, the other idea that he was doing nothing for himself but only endeavoured to betray the hollowness of another man's professions, which gave him some comfort. He was turning within his mind the pros and cons of his action and considering the ethics of his position, when all on a sudden the door opened, and with tinkling feet and singing a gentle tune, there sprang into the room Janaki, a thousand times fairer than she had looked in the pandal, in a robe of muslin, which more revealed her limbs than hid them; and then, as if surprised by the presence of a stranger in her room, she stood aside, her face wearing an expression of infinite modesty and shyness. Srinivasan was transported with joy at her entrance and stood speechless with admiration and nervously shaking from head to foot.

About an hour after, an Iyengar Brahmin was gently rousing Vasudev Sastri from his sleep; the Sastri woke and was told that the house on whose plait he slept being a prostitute's, it was not good for him to sleep there. Besides, the weather was very chill and he lay on the bare ground. On these pleas the Brahmin offered to take him to his house and provide him with bed, pillows and shawl. Sastri at first declined the offer, but so polite and pressing was the solicitation that he accepted it and followed the Brahmin to what he supposed his house. But what was his surprise, when all on a sudden, he found himself in a brilliantly decorated bed room, which evidently appeared to be a dancing girl's and the door was fastened behind him. A very strange ruse, he cried, and repeatedly knocked at the door but no one seemed to hear



him. A dead silence seemed to prevail in the house. He was, as it were, in an enchanted chamber in which he hardly knew what to do and from which he found no possibility of getting out. More than half an hour elapsed in this manner, and he thinking no more of his situation and resigning himself to God, laid himself down on the floor and began to sleep. When lo, all on a sudden sweet strains of music are heard in praise of Ganesa, Siva and Vishnu and expressive of the loftiest conceivable sentiments. He hears the music, but cannot see whence it proceeds. He looks above, below and on all sides, but to no purpose, and then turns inward to meditate on the sense of the songs. All on a sudden he hears something like a curtain move. He eagerly looks up, then silence for about five minutes. Then the same sound is repeated. He looks up and again sees nothing. The music gets brisker, sweet odours fill the air, the tinkling of anklets and bracelets is heard and all on a sudden up rises a curtain and lo, there gently dances a fairy-like damsel, clad like Goddess Saraswati, in a snow-white gown and garlanded with a lotus wreath, with a diamond necklace trembling on her breast and profusely and yet very cunningly decorated from head to foot with pearls, diamonds, rubies and gold, a transcendental vision whose beauty is heightened by the moon-like light of lamps fed with magnesium. The music and dancing get brisker, and the mysterious fairy-form dancing, comes nearer and nearer the surprised Sastri. Now she has come very near, there is only a foot's distance between the bewildered Vedantin and the angelic vision. He gets up to leave the room but finds not the way. "What is this? I have been treacherously brought into a dancing girl's house, and the girl before me seems to be the same who sang in that marriage pandal. By whose contrivance have I been brought here?" he asks himself, but answer finds none. In the meanwhile, the beautiful Janaki, for that was the girl, gently took hold of his hand and impressed upon it a warm kiss.

### Bhakti.

॥ ये यथा तं प्रपद्यन्ते तां स्तथैव भजाम्यहम् ॥

"As they worship me so I also do unto them."

This reminds me of an anecdote of the sage Nārada, who, as usual had, once on a trip, been to the Lord Vishnu—with his favourite Vinā in his hand and reciting his still favourite song "Rāmkrishna Hari." But what was his astonishment, when he saw the Lord of the universe Himself deeply engaged in arranging for the bed of some images, (which He seemed to wait upon) kept in a spacious almirah of solid gold.

Curtains of embroidery studded with gems, hung around it. The lustre of the jewels inside, rendered lamp light unnecessary. The fragrance of the Nandanvan flowers rendered other perfumes needless to please the occupants of the almirah. In short everything sweet was around them, and happiness itself seemed to wait upon them.

The sage Nārada could no longer control his curiosity, and said, "Lord! Thou alone art adorable, what other object, in all the three worlds, can there be fit for being adored by Thee. What enchantment do I see before my eyes. I pray thee O Lord! once and only once to let me see the faces of the images—the object of Thy worship."

The Lord—whose smile itself is *Māyā* then smiled and said, "Stay, Nārada, stay. They have gone to sleep, and

would it not be unbecoming on our part to disturb their sleep? It is not yet time for the doors of the almirah being opened. I am afraid lest our talk awaken them. Let us converse in whispers, till it is time for them to get out of bed."

But Nārada whose heart had already become so impatient, that he could no longer restrain his curiosity, repeatedly fell at the lotus feet of Lord Vishnu and implored and prayed Him to satisfy his eagerness to know the truth and promised that he would not even breathe, much less speak a word in their presence. He only wished that the faces of the happy objects of the Lord's worship, may be shown to him. A slight lift of the curtain was all that he prayed for.

The Lord of the Universe at last consented to comply with his request, and gently, very gently drew aside the curtain with His own hands, taking very great care not to let the light from outside fall on the eyes of the sleeping souls inside.

The curtain was let down as soon as the sage had caught a glimpse of their faces. But lo! what was the condition of the beholder. His face was bathed in tears which so profusely began to fall from his eyes, that they bedewed his whole breast. He became mute, as it were, and fell into a reverie. No word could come out of his lips, the tears made his eyes dim, his hair stood on end, he simply stared at the Lord God, and after some minutes could only utter "Lord, O Lord" !!!

A long time after, when the emotions of his heart subsided a little and he came to himself, he said, "O Brahman (ब्रह्मन्), truly thou art Bhaktavatsala (भक्तवत्सल) and truly thou hast shewn me the truth of thy own words in the Bhagavad Gita.

ये यथा तं प्रपद्यन्ते तां स्तथैव भजाम्यहम्

But what was it that Nārada saw inside the almirah? Oh! it was the multitude of *Bhaktas*, the names of a few of whom are enumerated in the following Sloka (verse).

प्रह्लादनारद पराशर पुंडरीकव्यासांबरीषशुकशौनकमीष्मदाल्म्यान्।  
रुक्मांगदार्जुन वसिष्ठविभीषणादीन् पुण्यानिमान् परमभागवतान्म-  
रामि.

V.R. GORAY.

### Correspondence.

GUJARANWALA, PUNJAB,

6th February 1898.

DEAR SIR,

The questions put by Mr. G. B. Laghate, in the "Awakened India" for February 1898 are exactly such, as arise in the minds of most of the readers of the Vedanta. (Here the learned writer points out the necessity for the practice of Yoga and recommends some books. Space forbids us from publishing the whole of the letter).

To turn now to the questions. I must admit that I am not a bit of a theologian or a metaphysician. I am more a believer in practice and less in talk. There are many among the learned contributors of the "Awakened India" who are better fitted to discuss the questions with ability. But as I have ventured to write on the subject of Mr. Laghate's letter, I think I had better say some-



thing in regard to the questions themselves, though it may not prove to be so satisfactory.

**Question No. 1.** How and why is there *desire for action*? *action* not of the external organ only but of the internal organ also?

The desire for action arises in the *chitta-vrittis*, or forms taken by the mind-stuff. In short the whole world is these. It is said in the *Yoga Vasishtha* :—

द्वेबीजे चित्तवृक्षस्य वृत्तिव्रततिधारिणः

एकं प्राणपरिस्पन्शः द्वितीयादृढभावना ।

“The tree of mind-stuff has two seeds for the origin of its many-branched forms; firstly, the movement of the breath, and secondly, the deep-rooted *Samskāras*.” It is difficult to translate the word *Samskāra* into English, but habit or mental tendency has some approach to it. The *Samskāras* are of our own making, and the movement of the breath, which is part of the cosmic energy, brings them into play. Therefore it is further said :—

एकस्मिंश्चतयोःक्षीणे क्षिप्रं द्वावपिनश्यतः ।

“And any one of them controlled or suppressed (literally thinned or weakened) nullifies both of them.” And on the basis of this principle there were built in India the two main roads to the goal of salvation and realization, i.e., *Prāṇāyāma* and *Vasānāyāma*, control of the breath and control of the mind. All the other *dharma*s are tributaries to, or branchlets of, one or the other. I am afraid I must let this subject stop here.

**Question No. 2.** Is such desire for action *innate*?

It will now be seen that the desire for action is *innate* in the mind. But each one of us has the power to stop it, or at least to weaken it, and on the assumption of this power, is based what is called religion. The scriptures show the way.....

**Question No. 3.** Or, is it created by impact with the external world or the world of sense?

The external world has nothing to do with the desire for action in the mind. This question is apt to carry us into controversial ground, which I am anxious to avoid. I shall therefore like to leave my statement as made, and advise the practise of *abhyāsa*, which will settle our mind against controversy.

**Question No. 4.** Is it a mere *Upadhi* or *Guna*?

It is an *Upadhi* (seeming bondage) of the Atman or free soul, but a *Guna* (quality) of the mind.

**Question No. 5.** If the desire for action is created by external impact, why should there be difference in the kind and degree of such desire in mankind?

Disposed of by (3) above, though not satisfactorily.

I have often thought like Mr. Laghate that the “Awakened India” would make itself doubly useful, if a column in it were opened for the discussion of similar questions.

Yours sincerely,

HARI CHARAN DAS DATTA.

[To go to the root of the matter. It is the ‘sense of separateness,’ the sense of finiteness that is primarily responsible for the desire for action. As was observed in one of our recent articles, ‘Where there arises the slightest differentiation in the shape of a Jiva, the footing being lost, the natural result is rolling down and down and the creation of an infinitely variegated universe’ (vide p. 88,

vol. II). It will be seen from these remarks that the primary sense of separateness brings with it by its innate restlessness (*chalana*) or desire for action, the variety of non-self, and the finite soul is attracted and repelled by the latter, in other words, that desire increases. So says the *Sruti*. ‘Where there is duality, as it were, another sees another thing, another heats another thing, etc.’ (*Bri. Up. IV, 5, 15*.) The desire for action is thus innate and at the same time increases in proportion to the degree of impact with the external world. It is not created by such impact, for, as we have seen, the external world itself is a projection, so to speak of the *Jiva*. However, the world and the *Jiva*, or practically, the mind, act and react upon each other. To take an example, we see a wooden chair. The chair is only wood all through, the idea of a chair being only in our mind. For name and form are not outside the mind. Though thus the chair is only a projection of the mind, it appears to have an independent existence outside and in its turn reacts upon the mind, suggesting the ideas of its being good, wanting repair and so on.

Just as, in this example, the mind by its *chalana*, created the chair and the chair in its turn, reacted upon the mind and increased its restlessness, so also the world sprang out of the *chalana* of *Jiva*, its desire for action and in its turn reacting on it, induces greater restlessness. It did not originally create the desire for action, for it itself was the result of such a desire, but it increases it. With reference to question IV. this desire is a *guna*. It represents a tendency and is thus more *aguna* (*Gita*, Chapter XIV). With reference to the question, ‘Why should there be difference in the kind and degree of such desire in mankind?’ the reply is, because the individual souls are different among themselves, though not in their essence, at least, in their tendencies and the respective parts they are intended to play in the world of manifestation. There are certain difficult points in connection with this last question, but, as we cannot discuss them here, we refer the reader to *Vedānta Sūtras* II.1.32—36, and Sankara’s Commentary thereon. If it be asked how this desire for action can be overcome, the reply is, proper inquiry into the nature of the Self and practice under the instructions of a proper teacher. This is a question we have often discussed.

We shall be glad to open a correspondence column in accordance with Mr. Laghate’s and Mr. Datt’s wishes, but cannot undertake to publish or deal with every question that is addressed to us. Ed.]

“For more than once when I  
Sat all alone, revolving in myself  
The word that is the symbol of myself,  
The mortal limit of the self was loosed,  
And passed into the nameless, as a cloud  
Melts into Heaven. I touched my limbs—the limbs  
Were strange, not mine—and yet no shade of doubt,  
But utter clearness, and thro’ loss of self  
The gain of such large life as matched with ours  
Were sun to spark—unshadowable in words,  
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world.”

—The Ancient Sage, Tennyson.